

No. 3
JULY

10c

STARS AND STRIPES COMICS





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AMAZING MAN



SOULWER

THE ONE AND ONLY AMAZING-MAN, KNOWN ALSO AS THE GREEN MIST, HAS SUPERNATURAL POWERS! AIDED BY HIS ASSISTANT ZONA, HE FIGHTS THE GREAT QUE, EVIL ARCH-CRIMINAL.....

IN ENGLAND, WHERE AMAZING-MAN DEFEATED AN ENEMY INVASION, LED BY THE GREAT QUE, THE AMAZING-MAN RECEIVES A CODED MESSAGE!

COULD THE GREAT QUE BE STRIKING AT THE U.S. NOW?

YES, HE HATES AMERICA! I'VE GOT TO FIND HIS BASE AND STOP HIM! NOT A SECOND TO LOSE!

WHERE'RE WE GOING NOW?

TO THE U.S! JUST GOT SECRET WORD INVASION THREATENS AMERICA! C'MON!

HE AND ZONA RACE FOR THEIR PLANE



To the President of the U.S.A.
 Unless you yield to peaceful
 invasion, Hawaii and your island
 defenses will be crushed. Then
 your cities will be bombed, your
 citizens slaughtered and your
 country invaded!
 DIME!!!!!!
The Great Que
 The Great Que
 Commander-in-
 Chief.

MEANWHILE FROM A MYSTERIOUS
 BASE SOMEWHERE IN THE
 PACIFIC, THE GREAT QUE SENDS
 A DIRE THREAT TO THE U.S.A!

IF THE AMERICAN FOOLS
 RESIST, I'LL WIPE OUT HAWAII!
 FROM THIS SECRET BASE WITH
 MY NEW WEAPON, I CAN'T
 FAIL!!

WHAT
 ABOUT THE
 AMAZING
 MAN?

THE AMAZING-MAN!!! SOME DAY
 I'LL GET THAT FOOL
 BUT HE'S IN ENGLAND NOW----HE
 WON'T STOP ME THIS TIME---
 TAKE THAT LETTER TO OUR
 PILOT AND TELL HIM TO DROP IT ON
 THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON!

AT DUSK THE CYLINDER IS
 DROPPED

THAT PLANE DROPPED
 THIS! IT'S FOR THE
 PRESIDENT

HE'S
 AT A MEETING
 OF THE
 DEFENSE
 COUNCIL TAKE
 IT TO HIM

THE PRESIDENT READS THE THREAT TO THE DEFENSE
 COUNCIL!

WE'LL NEVER SUBMIT!!!!!!!

WE'LL FIGHT THE GREAT
 QUE!!!

GENTLEMEN,
 OUR ISLAND DEFENSES
 ARE STRONG, YES....
 BUT THIS GREAT QUE
 IS AN EVIL GENIUS!

THERE IS ONLY ONE PERSON
 WHO CAN DEFEAT HIM! RADIO
 THE AMAZING-MAN TO
 REPORT TO THE WEST
 COAST HEADQUARTERS
 IMMEDIATELY!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!!!
 HELL NEVER CRUSH
 HAWAII WITH ITS GREAT
 NAVAL AND AIR
 DEFENSES!!

THIS IS
 WAR!

HALF WAY ACROSS
 THE ATLANTIC, THE
 CALL REACHES THE
 AMAZING-MAN

RADIO HAWAII! ORDER
 COMPLETE MOBILIZATION
 COMING AS FAST AS I CAN
AMAZING-MAN
 SIGNING OFF!!!
 THAT IS ALL
 AMERICA!
 AMAZING-MAN SIGNING
 OFF!

U.S. RADIOS IT WON'T
 SURRENDER!

FOOLS!
 ATTACK!!

AT THE ENEMY'S
 BASE

THE ISLAND FORTRESS
 OF HAWAII STANDS
 READY!



THEY AREN'T COMING SIR! NO SIGN OF 'EM ON THE SEA AND THE SOUND DETECTORS HAVEN'T HEARD ANY AIRPLANE ENGINES!

THAT'S A FUNNY LOOKING CLOUD—LOOK!!



SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THAT CLOUD.....



THE SUDDEN ATTACK BRINGS HAVOC!!



AFTER TEN MURDERING MINUTES...

THE ENEMY'S HEADING BACK TO THAT CLOUD! WE'RE THE ONLY AMERICAN PILOTS LEFT ALIVE! LET'S FOLLOW THEM!



THE VALIANT AMERICAN PILOTS TAKE OFF!

THE RATS ARE GOING RIGHT INTO THAT HIGH FLYING CLOUD! I'D BETTER TURN ON MY OXYGEN!..... GET 'EM BOYS!!



THEY'VE VANISHED INTO THE CLOUD! HERE I GO AFTER 'EM!!!!



BUT WHEN THE U.S. PLANES ENTER THE CLOUD!



WHAT DESTROYED THE U.S. PLANES? HOW DID THE EVIL ENEMY APPROACH HAWAII WITHOUT WARNING? WHAT DEADLY SECRET LIES BEHIND THAT CLOUD?



THIS OXYGEN HELMET MEANS HE'S BEEN FLYING HIGH!!

AS THEY RUSH THE PRISONER TOWARD HEAD-QUARTERS!

COME ON, LET'S TAKE THIS CROCK TO HEAD-QUARTERS!

PUSH THE BOULDER OVER NOW! HA! THE AMAZING-MAN'S AS GOOD AS DEAD.

O.K. ZONA!

I MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE SAN FRANCISCO IF THIS PRISONER TELLS WHERE QUE'S BASE IS!!

LOOK!
WE'LL BE CRUSHED!

THE AMAZING-MAN SHOOTS UP AT THE GIGANTIC ROCK!

THE AMAZING-MAN GOES INTO THE GREEN MIST!

LOOK HE THREW IT BACK AND IT WEIGHS TONS!

THE AMAZING-MAN COMES OUT OF THE GREEN MIST ATOP THE PLATEAU

WE MEET AGAIN, MR. QUE! FOR THE LAST TIME

AMAZING-MAN DOESN'T SEE THE ENEMY PILOT BEHIND HIM!



FOR TWO HOURS, OUT
ACROSS THE PACIFIC
AND HIGH INTO THE
SKY, AMAZING-MAN
FOLLOWS THE GREAT
QUE'S PLANE....

HE'S HEADING FOR THAT CLOUD!
WE'RE IN THE STRATOSPHERE!
I'D BETTER PUT ON MY OXYGEN
HELMET! IF I DIDN'T HAVE IT,
I'D BE KNOCKED GROGGY IN
THIS THIN AIR!



RIGHT INTO THE
CLOUD—WELL, I'LL
FOLLOW!!



MY SHIPS GONE
TO PIECES!
WHAT HAPPENED!



IF I CAN'T GO THROUGH, I'LL TURN INTO
THE GREEN MIST AND
ZOOM TO THE TOP
OF THE CLOUD!



DISASTER STRIKES AMAZING-MAN'S PLANE

HE MAKES A QUICK PLAN!

HE SWEEP'S OVER
THE CLOUD
AND.....

GREAT CAT-FISH!!!! A FLYING GIANT AIRCRAFT
CARRIER! SILENT ENGINES! DISGUISED AS A CLOUD! THAT'S
HOW QUE ATTACKED HAWAII WITHOUT WARNING! THIS MUST
BE HIS SECRET BASE!!



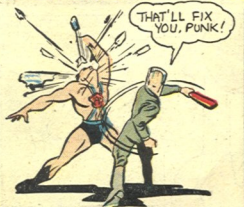
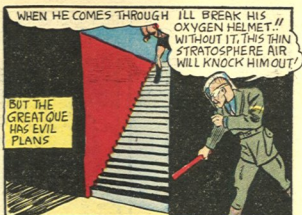
THERE'S THE GREAT QUE!
CHARGE MEN, KILL
THE AMAZING-MAN!!

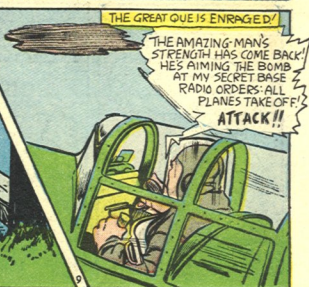
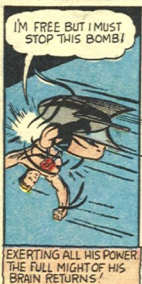
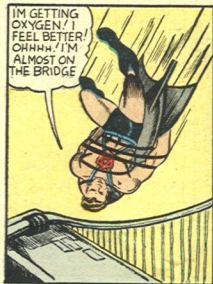


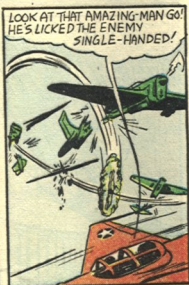
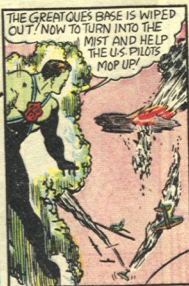
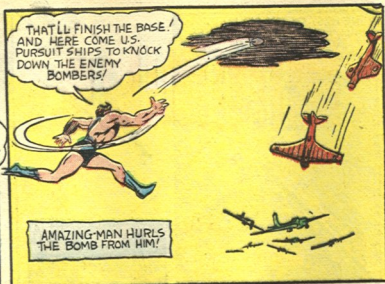
CAN'T LET QUE
GET AWAY!

I'LL TURN THE
GREEN MIST
INTO A GAS!





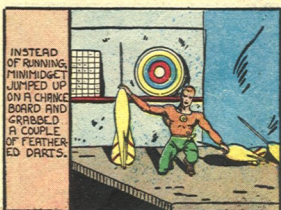




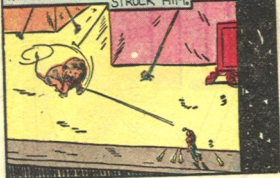
MINIMIDGET

MINIMIDGET AND RITTY VISIT DARNUM AND DAILIES CIRCUS AND RUN INTO MORE EXCITEMENT AND TROUBLE THAN A CIRCUS SHOULD OFFER--READ ON--

BY John F. Kelb



THEN - THROWS ONE WITH ALL HIS MIGHT. THE LION SPUN AROUND WITH A ROAR AS IT STRUCK HIM.



THEN ANOTHER ONE BURIED ITSELF IN THE SIDE OF THE LION. HE SPUN AROUND IN CONFUSION NOT KNOWING WHERE TO CHARGE.



WHEN A THIRD ONE BURIED ITSELF IN THE LION, HE TURNED TAIL AND RAN FOR HIS CAGE.

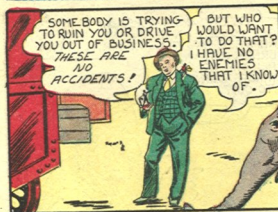


THAT BOY IS A WONDER!! THE LION DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO CHARGE SO HE JUST RAN BACK INTO THE CAGE.



SOME BODY IS TRYING TO RUIN YOU OR DRIVE YOU OUT OF BUSINESS. THESE ARE NO ACCIDENTS!

BUT WHO WOULD WANT TO DO THAT? I HAVE NO ENEMIES THAT I KNOW OF.



WHO? OH, HIM. HE AND HIS WIFE USED TO BE OUR TRAPEZE ARTISTS. HIS WIFE FELL ONE DAY AND WAS KILLED. THAT WAS A YEAR AGO. HE DOES ODD JOBS AROUND NOW. HE ACTS KIND OF QUEER LATELY.



BOY! HE SURE GAVE YOU A DIRTY LOOK WHEN HE PASSED.



LET'S GO IN AND SEE THE SHOW AWHILE.

O.K. WITH ME. LET'S GO!



INSIDE - TORA THE BARE BACK RIDER IS ABOUT TO JUMP FROM ONE GALLOPING HORSE TO ANOTHER.



TORA LEAPED TO THE BACK OF THE GALLOPING HORSE. HER FOOT SLIPPED AND SHE FELL TO THE GROUND.



THE HORSE STOPPED RIGHT BY MINIMIDGET AND RITTY.



HE TOOK A SHORT RUN AND LEAPED UP ON THE HORSE'S BACK.



TORA WAS CARRIED OUT. TO KEEP THE CROWD IN GOOD HUMOR, THE CLOWNS WENT INTO THEIR ACT.



THE CROWD FORGOT THE TRAGEDY AND WAS SOON IN GOOD HUMOR.

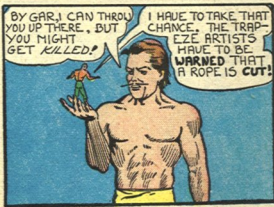
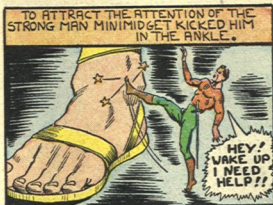


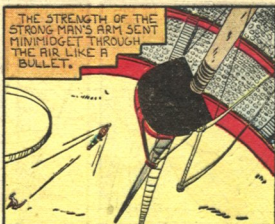
AN ELEPHANT ACT STARTED IN THE CIRCLE.



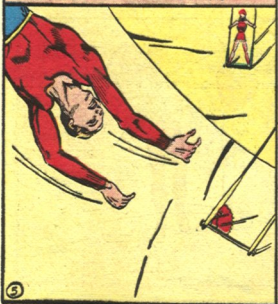
IT MUST BE HARD TO MAKE PEOPLE LAUGH WHEN YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE IT YOURSELF. THOSE CLOWNS ADORED TORA!







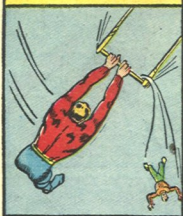
MINIMIDGET ACTED LIKE A FLASH. HE UNHOOKED THE TRAPEZE THAT WAS HOOKED TO THE PLATFORM AND SWUNG TOWARDS THE FALLING MAN.



A SECOND MORE AND MINIMIDGET WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE. THE AERIALISTS EXPERIENCED ARMS STRETCHED OUT AND HE GRABBED THE BAR.



BUT THE WEIGHT OF HIS BODY SNAPPED THE TRAPEZE TAUT AND MINIMIDGET WAS THROWN INTO SPACE.



BY THIS TIME A GIRL MEMBER OF THE TROUPE ACTED. SHE SWUNG THROUGH THE AIR TOWARDS MINIMIDGET.



HANGING BY HER LEGS ON THE TRAPEZE BAR, SHE CAUGHT MINIMIDGET AS HE FELL.



MEANWHILE—A FIGURE SNEAKS TOWARDS THE CIRCUS WAGON USED BY MR. DARNUM AS AN OFFICE.



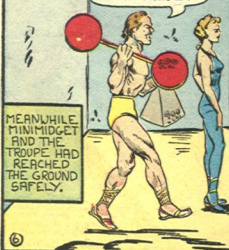
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? GO BACK TO YOUR WORK!



BROODING OVER HIS WIFE'S DEATH HAS MADE THE AERIALIST STARK MAD. WITH A WILD LAUGH HE ADVANCED.



BY GAR! I HIT HIM WITH THESE!



MEANWHILE MINIMIDGET AND THE TROUPE HAD REACHED THE GROUND SAFELY.



BEFORE THE CRAZED KILLER COULD KILL MR. DARNUM HE HEARD THE CROWD COMING. HE JUMPED THROUGH A WINDOW AND RAN.

THERE HE GOES!!
GET HIM!!

MINIMIDGET TOOK A SHORT CUT AND GOT AHEAD OF THE KILLER AND STRETCHED A ROPE ACROSS HIS PATH.

COME ON YOU CRAZY LOON HIT IT!!

THE CRAZED AERIALIST HIT THE ROPE AND FLEW THRU THE AIR.

LET GO! I'LL KILL YOU! YAAAOO!!

SEND FOR THE POLICE. HE BELONGS IN AN ASYLUM. HE'S RAVING MAD!!

THE POLICE CAME AND TOOK THE MAN TO THE ASYLUM --- LATER ---

BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW HIS ROPE WAS CUT MINIMIDGET?

YES! HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT?

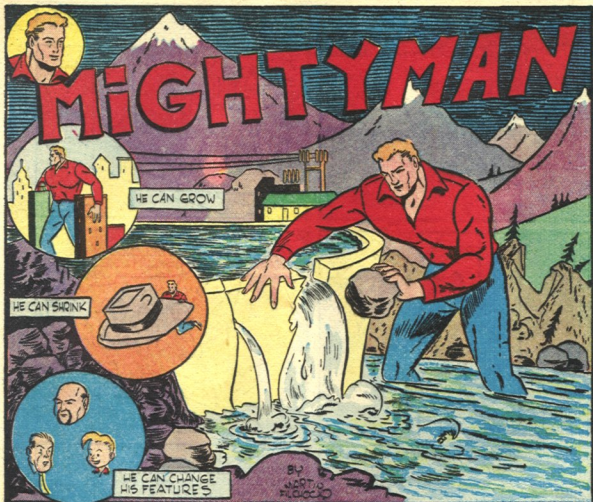
WELL, I HAD AN IDEA WHO WAS CAUSING THESE ACCIDENTS SO I TAILED HIM. HE STOOD LOOKING UP AT YOU GETTING READY FOR YOUR ACT. HE WAS GLOATING TO HIMSELF ABOUT HOW HE HAD CUT THE ROPE. THAT'S HOW I KNEW!

COME ON RITTY! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN SEE THE REST OF THE CIRCUS IN PEACE NOW.

TRAVELING THROUGH THE CIRCUS MINIMIDGET AND RITTY SEE THIS SIGN — THE SMALLEST HUMAN IN THE WORLD —

WELL! WHAT DO YOU SAY FOLKS? IS HE THE SMALLEST HUMAN?

THE SMALLEST HUMAN IN THE WORLD



THE MIGHTYMAN, WITH HIS UNUSUAL POWERS, HAS SKILLFULLY TRICKED THE WITCH, A BEAUTIFUL SUPER-CRIMINAL INTO BELIEVING HIM DEAD! AT THE PRESENT TIME HE IS IN THE WITCH'S STRONG HOLD DISGUISED AS FRITZ, A FIFTH COLUMNIST!

I SEE BY THE PAPERS THAT YOUR LEADERS ARE ALL IN PRISON - WHERE DO YOU EXPECT TO GET FUNDS NOW?

WHAT FUNDS?

WHAT FUNDS YOU ASK! THE \$50,000 YOU PROMISED ME FOR THE MIGHTYMAN'S SECRET!

BUT WE DIDN'T FIND OUT HOW HE MADE HIMSELF GROW OR SHRINK AT WILL - AND NOW HE'S DEAD!

YES, THANKS TO YOU! BUT AS I'M NOT THE KIND TO HOLD A GRUDGE I'LL LET YOU STAY - I MAY FIND SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO!

IT'S SWEET OF YOU! LATER I MAY GET SOME MONEY FROM OVERSEAS - IT'LL BE YOURS!

SHE NEVER GUESSED THAT I'M THE MIGHTYMAN

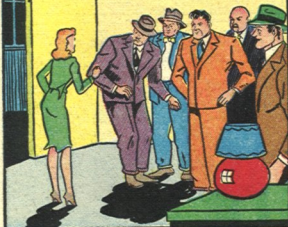
- BUT AS A LEADERLESS AND PENNILESS FRITZ, HE IS NOT VERY WELCOME!

NOTHING UNUSUAL HAPPENED - UNTIL ONE DAY...

MEN, FOR DAYS I'VE BEEN EXPLORING THE SECRET TUNNELS OF THIS STRONGHOLD AND AT LAST I'VE FOUND OUT WHERE ITS FORMER OWNER GOT ALL HIS MONEY - I WANT YOU MEN TO COME WITH ME! ALL OF YOU!

SURE!

LEAD THE WAY



THE WITCH TAKES HER MEN TO A LARGE ROOM - SHE THEN PRESSED A BUTTON AND A SECTION OF THE FLOOR SLIDES AWAY REVEALING A STAIRWAY!



THEY DESCEND DOWN THE FLIGHT OF STEPS INTO A LONG TUNNEL.



COMING TO THE END OF THE TUNNEL THEY PASS THROUGH A HUGE DOOR - THE WITCH CALLS A HALT!

STOP WHERE YOU ARE!

IT'S KINDA DARK.



NOW LOOK AROUND AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE!



A GOLD MINE

GOLD! GOLD! WE'RE RICH!



THE MEN ARE OVERJOYED AT WHAT THEY SEE!

BUT A COLD SHARP COMMAND FROM THE WITCH BURNS THEIR CRIES OF JOY INTO FEAR

QUIT! GUMPS! COME HERE! THE REST OF YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

HUH! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



-YOU MEN ARE GOING TO WORK THIS MINE - YOU'LL FIND THE TOOLS BEHIND YOU - AND REMEMBER. NO WORK - NO EATS

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US!



THE WITCH DOES NOT ARGUE WITH THE FOUR MEN. SHE AND GUMPS MAKE A HASTY EXIT CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM!



ONLY THE ASTOUNDING STRENGTH OF FRITZ PREVENTS ONE OR ALL OF THEM FROM A SERIOUS INJURY!



BUT THE WITCH WAS NOT SATISFIED WITH ONE CAR OF ORE PER DAY - SHE SOON STEPPED UP THEIR RATE FROM ONE TO TWO THEN THREE AND WITHIN A WEEK THEY WERE REQUIRED TO LOAD AN EVEN DOZEN



ONLY THE DISGUISED MIGHTYMAN ENJOYED THEIR FLIGHT!



FINDING NO EXIT THE MIGHTYMAN SETS OUT TO MAKE ONE

THE WORDS WERE NO SOONER OUT OF THE SPEAKERS MOUTH WHEN AN ORE CAR BOLTS IN FROM A SIDE TUNNEL



BUT FINALLY ONE DAY - AFTER NOTING THE SPENT CONDITION OF HIS FELLOW WORKERS - THE MIGHTY MAN DECIDES TO AID THEM INTO ESCAPING



BY THOUGHT SUGGESTION HE CREATED TWO HUGE HANDS AND IN A SHORT TIME, LIKE A GIANT MOLE, HE BURROWS A LONG TUNNEL FAR OUT FROM THE WITCH'S STRONGHOLD



HAVING COMPLETED THE TUNNEL FRITZ HURRIES BACK AND AWAKENS THE OTHER PRISONERS



THE MIGHTYMAN TELLS WHY HE IS NOT ACCOMPANYING THEM





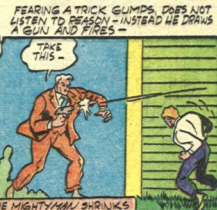
ANOTHER GOES IN THE DIRECTION OF THE WITCH'S HOME



WISHING TO TRAVEL FASTER THE MIGHTY MAN SHRINKS



MEANWHILE GUMPS RETURNS FROM THE MINE FOR A LIGHT - HE SEES THE MIGHTYMAN



GUMPS SHOTS AGAIN AND AGAIN BUT IS UNABLE TO HIT THE ELUSIVE MIGHTYMAN



SUDDENLY HE TURNS THE GUN ON HIMSELF - IT HAPPENS SO QUICKLY THAT THE MIGHTYMAN CAN'T PREVENT IT



THE FOOL - HE WAS FAITHFUL TO THE END - I'LL HAVE TIME TO LOOK IN THE MINE - IF I MOVE FAST!



MOVE HE DID - LIKE LIGHTNING!!



BUT THE WITCH, WHO HEARD THE SHOTS, CONCEALS HERSELF VERY WELL - AS A MATTER OF FACT SHE HID TOO WELL AS WE SHALL SEE!



SHE'S NOT IN HERE - MAYBE SHE WENT OUT MY EXIT!

NOPE, SHE --- GREAT SCOTT! MY DAM BROKE LOOSE THE CITY WILL BE FLOODED IF I WASTE ANY MORE TIME!



WITH THOUSANDS OF LIVES TO SAVE THE MIGHTY/MAN IS NO LONGER INTERESTED IN FINDING THE WITCH



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE WATER HITS HER STRONGHOLD - FLOODING THE MINE

LEAPING HIGH IN THE AIR THE MIGHTY/MAN LOOKS OVER THE SITUATION!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO!

LIKE A HUGE COMET HE DIVES EARTHWARD - STRIKING THE GROUND WITH A TERRIFIC FORCE AND IN -----



JUST LIKE BUTTER

--- A SHORT TIME FLOWS A DEEP CHANNEL COMPLETELY AROUND THE CITY!



RING AROUND A-ROSY

THE FLOOD WILL PETER ITS SELF OUT BEFORE IT'LL DO ANY DAMAGE NOW!



-IT'S ASTOUNDING - BUT WHO DID IT?

HE SAVED OUR LIVES!

WHO IS THE MIGHTY/MAN?

THE MIGHTY/MAN! IT WAS HE

I DON'T KNOW - HE'S REAL THO - I SAW HIM ONCE BEFORE

THE MIGHTY/MAN DID THE JOB SO QUICKLY AND SO SO COMPLETELY THAT FOR DAYS PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT NOTHING BUT THIS AMAZING FEAT

FOR DAYS THE MIGHTY/MAN SEARCHED FOR SOME CLUE OF THE WITCH BUT IS UNSUCCESSFUL

.. I'M AFRAID I'VE SEEN THE WITCH FOR THE LAST TIME! BUT I'M NOT SORRY - FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO HELP UNCLE SAM!



The

Black

PANTHER



THROUGH THE BLACK,
STILL NIGHT, A SINISTER
FIGURE MOVES SLOWLY....
HIS TOWERING FORM
CASTING HIS EERIE
SHADOW BEFORE
HIM....



... HIS
HIDEOUS FEATURES,
PLAYED ON BY THE
MOONLIGHT, FORTELL THE
FUTURE IN THOUGHTS OF
WEIRD HORROR ...



MOVING
SILENTLY, HE
NEARS THE HOME OF
PROFESSOR TAFT....

REACHING THE HOUSE, THE WEIRD PROWLER SEES WIRES STRETCHED ACROSS THE GROUND



PICKING UP A BROKEN LIMB OF A TREE, HE HURLS IT AT THE WIRES... AT ONCE, FLASHES OF ELECTRICITY BLAZE UP ABOUT HIM...



HEH-HEH-HEH! THAT WON'T STOP ME, PROFESSOR. AH- THE TREE WILL DO THE TRICK!



BY CLIMBING THE TREE, THE FIGURE SWINGS TO THE ROOF OF PROFESSOR'S HOUSE....



MEANWHILE... IN THE BASEMENT LABORATORY OF THE HOUSE...



AT LAST-IT'S FINISHED!! CHECKED AND RE-CHECKED!

WITH THE FLUID IN THIS SMALL TEST-TUBE I CAN PETRIFY ANY LIVING ANIMAL ON EARTH... AND BRING THEM OUT OF IT WITH AN ANTIDOTE.



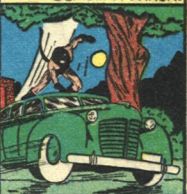
THEN



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THE PROWLER DRAGS PROFESSOR TAFT INTO HIS OWN CAR AND BEGINS TO DRIVE AWAY.



AS IT PASSES UNDER A TREE NEAR THE DRIVEWAY, A SINISTER, CAT-LIKE FORM LEAPS ONTO THE ROOF OF THE CAR.... IT'S THE BLACK PANTHER!



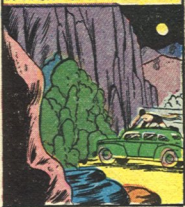
I'D HAVE STOPPED YOU SOONER BUD, BUT I'VE A FEELING THAT THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN JUST A PLAIN KIDNAPPING!



THE CAR SPEEDS THROUGH A LONELY ROAD TOWARD AN OLD ABANDONED CASTLE IN THE WOODS NEAR THE TOWN.



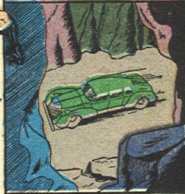
A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE CASTLE, THE CAR TURNS OFF THE ROAD AND HEADS FOR A CLUMP OF BUSHES IN FRONT OF A HIGH CLIFF...



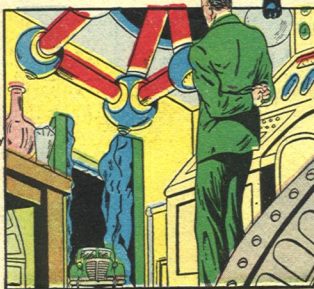
OH-OH- THAT WAS CLOSE! A HIDDEN TUNNEL EH? TOO BAD I HAD TO LEAVE THAT BUGGY BECAUSE OF THE CEILING!



WITH THE BLACK PANTHER LEFT BEHIND, THE CAR MAKES ITS WAY THROUGH THE DARK TUNNEL UNTIL IT REACHES A BLANK STONE WALL....



A FEW FEET FROM THE WALL, IT PARTS—LETTING THE CAR INTO A LARGE LABORATORY EQUIPPED WITH EVERY KNOWN SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS!



AH—YOU HAVE BROUGHT PROFESSOR TAFT, ARGO! YOU HAVE DONE WELL IN SUCH A SHORT TIME!





I WANT NOTHING MYSELF—
BUT MY COUNTRY WANTS
YOUR PETRIFYING DISCOVERY!
THIS EXTENSIVE LABORATORY
IS FOR YOUR USE IN PERFECT-
ING IT—WHICH YOU MUST!



IT IS PERFECT—D—I HEARD
HIM SAY SO—AND HERE IS
THE FORMULA!

AH! GOOD,
ARGO!



VERY SIMPLE—I SHALL
HAVE SOME MADE AND
READY FOR A TEST IN
NO TIME AT
ALL!!

BUT—AS ROGATS TRIES THE
SERUM PREPARED FROM THE
FORMULA....

WHAT TH??
THE GUINEA PIG DIED
INSTANTLY!



YES BECAUSE I DIDN'T
WRITE DOWN THE IMPORTANT
INGREDIENTS TO MY DISCOVERY—
ONLY MEMORIZED THEM—
AND WHAT THEY ARE, YOU
WILL NEVER KNOW!



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
ARGO—THE CLAMPS!

BUT—THE EVER WATCHFUL
EYES OF THE BLACK
PANTHER SEE WHAT IS
GOING ON...

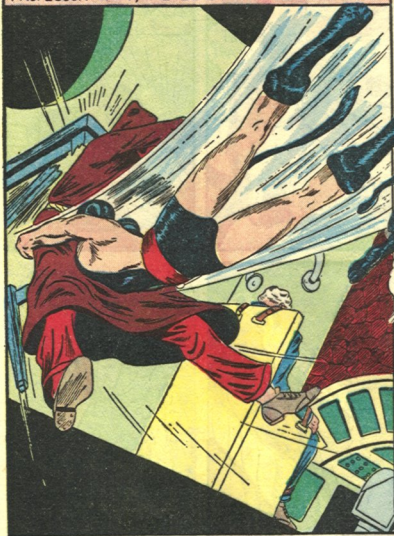
THE FIEND—HE'S GOING
TO USE TORTURE!



BEGIN, ARGO! NOW WE'LL
SEE ABOUT THE REST
OF THE FORMULA,
PROFESSOR!

NEVER!

AS ROGAT'S ORDERS ARGO TO BEGIN TORTURING
PROFESSOR TAFT, THE BLACK PANTHER STRIKES....



THE BLACK
PANTHER!



AT ONCE, ROGAT'S CHARGES
AT PROFESSOR TAFT WITH
THE HYPODERMIC OF THE
INCOMPLETE PETRIFYING
SERUM....



But HIS CHARGE IS MET
BY THE STREAKING BLACK
PANTHER....



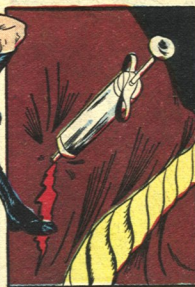
OKAY, BUD—YOU'VE PULLED
YOUR LAST JOB IN THIS
COUNTRY.



AS THE BLACK PANTHER
BATTERS ROGATS, ARGO
SPRINGS UPON HIM AGAIN.



THROWN UPON ROGATS, ARGO
SUDDENLY LETS OUT A
BELLOWING SCREAM AND
STIFFENS....



WITH THE BLACK PANTHER
ATTRACTED BY THIS GHASTLY
SIGHT, ROGATS DASHES OUT
OF THE LABORATORY....



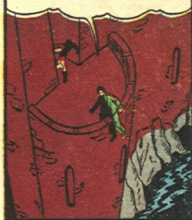
BUT THE SLY ROGATS KEEPS
JUST OUTSIDE THE BLACK
PANTHER'S GRASP....



....UNTIL HE IS FINALLY
TRAPPED AT THE TOP OF A
TOWER IN THE OLD CASTLE....



HA-HA-YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE A MATCH FOR ME. EH? YOU EVEN THINK YOU HAVE ME TRAPPED NOW!



THE FOOL—HE'S GOING TO CLIMB DOWN THE WALL!



HA HA HA! PERHAPS WE SHALL MEET AGAIN! OH--- HELP— MY HAND... IT'S SLIPPING... **HELP!**



IN A TERRIFYING SCREAM, ROGATS FALLS DOWN INTO THE QUICK SAND MIRE, FAR BELOW THE CASTLE TOWER...



And...A FEW MOMENTS LATER.....



THEN— ALL THAT IS LEFT OF ROGATS IS A CIRCLE ON THE BLACK MIRE... SLOWLY FADING... LEAVING NO TRACE OF HIS WICKED SELF...



PERHAPS YOU'RE A LOT BETTER OFF—YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD TO SERVE THE REST OF YOUR DAYS BEHIND BARS.



MARS IN THE DEATH HOUSE

Another AMAZING-MAN Adventure



By Duke Carey

AMAN, the Amazing-Man, was awakened in his hotel by newsboys crying "extras." Extras, he knew, often meant crimes—important crimes. He reached for the phone and ordered a paper sent up.

By the time the bellboy had the paper at the door he was fully dressed. "LIVES OF CITY OFFICIALS THREATENED," read the headline, and a smaller one beneath it: "Kill Policeman to Show They Mean Business."

Aman read the rest of the story on the way to the police station. The warning note had told where a murdered policeman could be found—and the corpse had been found there. That showed the killers were in earnest.

The note had been signed only by a symbol. Aman presented himself at the city hall and asked to see Chief Treadwell.

The patrolman on guard almost laughed in

his face. "If you were Houdini and the Ghost of Napoleon all in one you couldn't get in there," he declared.

A SPLIT second later, the astounded policeman was staring at a green cloud hurtling through the closed door. The green mist dissolved inside the office and Aman stood smilingly before Chief Treadwell.

"The Green Mist!" Treadwell exclaimed. "If I had known you were in town I'd have called you in before now."

"The paper says you have that warning note," Aman said.

"Yes, and that's *all* I've got," Treadwell admitted as he tossed the note on the desk. "Oh, we know it's Peterman Joe and his gang. He escaped from the penitentiary last week, and he's got it in for this town because we sent him up, but where he'll strike—or when—we haven't the slightest idea."

A MAN was looking curiously at the symbol on the note—a circle with an arrow protruding. Suddenly he began making what seemed to Treadwell like almost insane requests.

"What's Joe's record—briefly?" he asked.

"He's a big-time bank-robber with a hundred thousand dollars hidden somewhere, who went insane before he escaped from the big house," Treadwell said.

Then Aman made the strange requests. "I want a long-distance connection with the warden of the penitentiary, and an astronomer's ephemeris from the library—and the birth dates of all you officials."

"That's funny," Treadwell said. "somebody called in here for my birth date two days ago."

"And now I know I'm right," Aman exclaimed. "Hurry up with that book and those birth dates."

The chief began snapping out orders. Phones began clicking in adjoining offices. "Here's the warden on the phone," Treadwell said at last, "and the clerks are getting those birth dates. That book you wanted will be here right away."

BY the time Aman had ceased talking to the warden on the phone, a patrolman laid the little book down in front of the Amazing-Man. Aman hurried through its pages while messages poured in to the chief's desk.

"Mayor Gillis was born April fifth. . . Alderman Haworth on September ninth. . . Alderman Tompkins on December (?) eighteenth—"

"Where's Alderman Tompkins?" Aman barked the question.

"At least they won't kill *him*," Treadwell answered easily, "he's out at his country place with two dozen police guarding him."

Aman snatched a glance at his strap watch, leaped to his feet. "How far is it out there?" he asked excitedly, jerking the astounded police officer to his feet.

"About six miles, but—"

"Come on, we've got to average sixty out there!" Aman cried, and led the way to the door.

"But what's all this about?" Treadwell sputtered as the big car careened down the boulevard toward the Tompkins country place.

"I'll explain later," Aman said, holding on to his seat as the chief's chauffeur made a sharp turn on two wheels. "Tell that driver to step on it!"

TEN-THIRTEEN, and just a minute to spare," Aman said as the car screamed to a stop on the gravel driveway in front of the Tompkins' mansion. The police guards gave way as they recognized Treadwell, and the two men hurried into the luxurious living room to face Alderman Tompkins.

"Why, what's the matter?" Tompkins asked, but the question went un-answered. A roar came from the outside and Aman pulled aside a drawn shade, peered out into the moonlight.

A heavy, armored truck was roaring toward the house across the well-kept lawn. He tensed his mighty muscles as it crashed into the side of the house, crushing the frame walls like so much paper.

All of Aman's famed strength went into the leap he made up into the truck, straight at two machine-gunners who were slightly upset by the crash through the wall. He caught them in his steel-like arms, crashed their heads violently against the steel truck bottom.

In a flash he left them, leaped into the driver's seat and throttled the driver—and Peterman Joe, who was aiming his gun at the ashen-faced Alderman Tompkins.

WHEN the surprised policemen had belatedly come to the rescue and manacled the criminals, Aman turned to Treadwell and Tompkins. "I'm ready to tell all, now," he laughed, flicking a speck of plaster from his immaculate coat sleeve.

"Go ahead," the chief urged impatiently.

"Among a thousand other things I studied astrology in Tibet," Aman said. "The circle and arrow on that note was the symbol for Mars."

"So what?" Treadwell said testily.

"I thought of astrology at once," Aman explained, "and called the warden. Sure enough I found out Peterman Joe had made a study of the theory while he was imprisoned. Well, by reading your birth dates, I found in the ephemeris that Mars would enter Alderman Tompkins' Eighth House at exactly ten-fourteen tonight."

"I still don't get it," Treadwell confessed.

"You wouldn't unless you studied astrology," Aman laughed, "but no student of the stars would pass up a chance like that. Mars, the Death Planet, going into Mr. Tompkins' astrological House of Death! Joe looked for a sure kill."

THE END

SHARK

THE SHARK IS AN AMAZING UNDER-SEA CREATURE WITH WEBBED HANDS AND FEET — HE HAS ENORMOUS STRENGTH WHICH HE USES TO A GOOD ADVANTAGE. THE SHARK'S FATHER IS FATHER NEPTUNE WHO HELPS HIS SON AS MUCH AS HE CAN

"POP"
NEPTUNE



VACATION TIME

YES, THE SHARK HAS HIS VACATION, TOO! HE SWIMS TO THE SOUTH SEAS AND SPENDS HIS IDLE HOURS ON A GROUP OF ISLANDS WHERE HE IS ACCLAIMED A GOD AMONG THE NATIVE PEARL DIVERS!

HELLO IS NO ONE AROUND?
WHAT'S THIS? TEAO, THE YOUNGER IS COMING BY HIMSELF??



TEAO! WHAT'S WRONG? OH MASTER SHARK, ME

SO GLAD YOU COME, WHITE MAN COME AN' TAKE BIG BROTHER AN' FATHER AWAY, THEM NO COME BACK FOR TWO MOONS!



WHILE THE SHARK TALKS TO TEAO THE YOUNGEST, THE BOYS BROTHER AND FATHER WORK SIDE BY SIDE GATHERING PEARLS FAR BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE WATER. THEY WORK SLOWLY FOR THEY HAVE WORKED LONG—THEN SUDDENLY...



THE ELDER OF THE TWO IS STRUCK WITH THE DREADED BENDS FOR HE IS A MAN OF MANY YEARS AND HAS WEAK LUNGS. TEAO'S BROTHER DOESN'T SEE HIS FATHER DIE FOR HE IS TOO BUSY AT HIS...



UNDER-SEA WORK...



INSIDE THE SHIP OF THE WHITE-MEN

LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE BOSS, TEAO, THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE, JUST KICKED OFF AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE PRINCE IS GETTIN' TIRED OF BEING PUSHED AROUND.



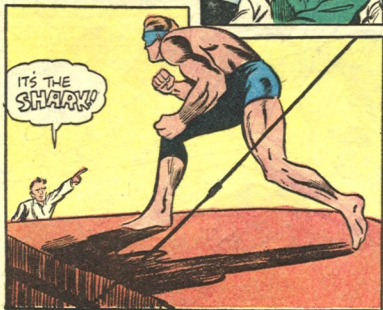
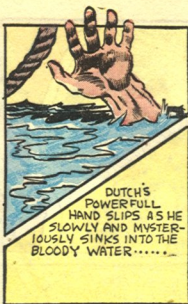
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YA 'TO CALL DUTCH WHEN EVER THERES NATIVE TROUBLE HE KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE 'EM

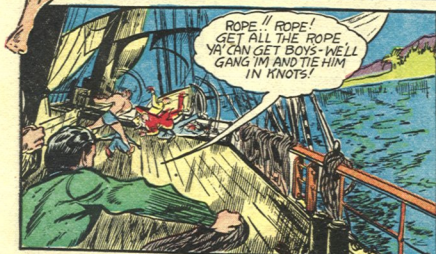
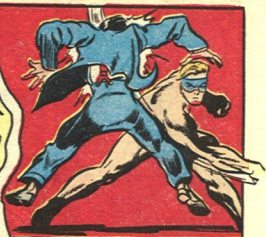


YEA, HE KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE 'EM—WITH HIS KNIFE !!









ROPE!! ROPE!
GET ALL THE ROPE
YA' CAN GET BOYS--WE'LL
GANG 'IM AND TIE HIM
IN KNOTS!



THAT ROPE IDEA IS
SWELL-----
FOR ME!

MISSED!



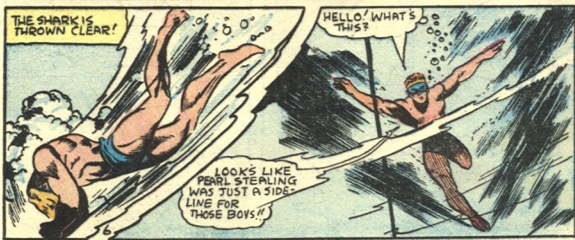
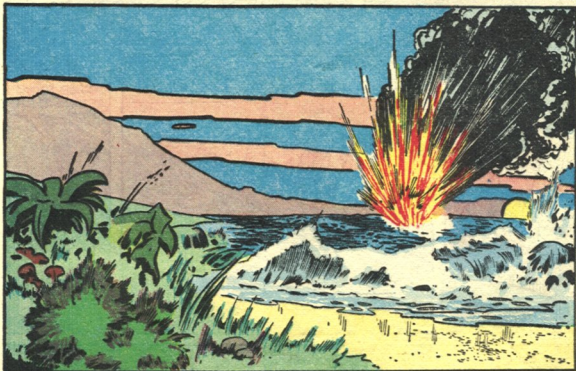
NOW I'LL SHOW YOU
BOYS A LITTLE
JUGGLING ACT POP
TAUGHT ME!!
READY??

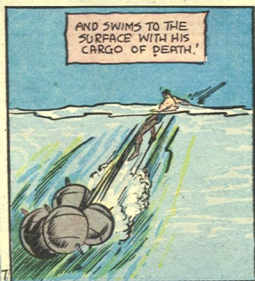
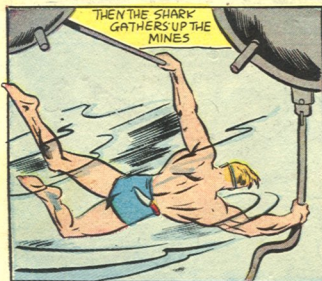
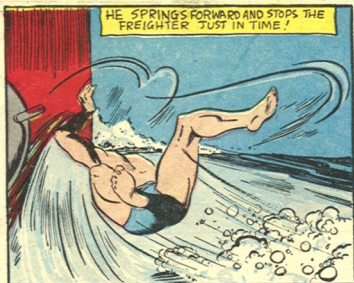
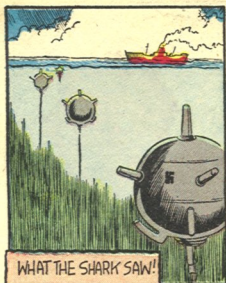


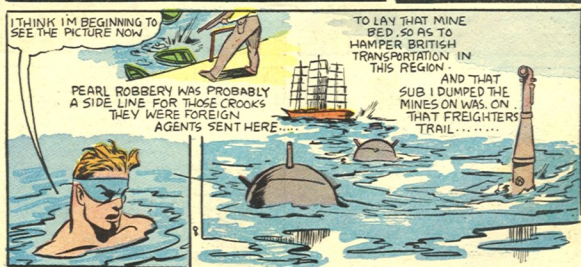
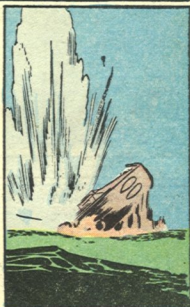
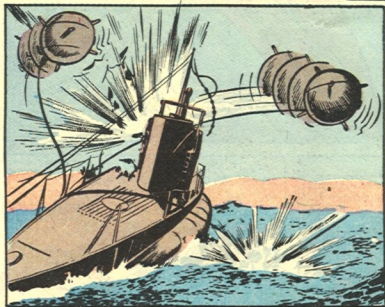
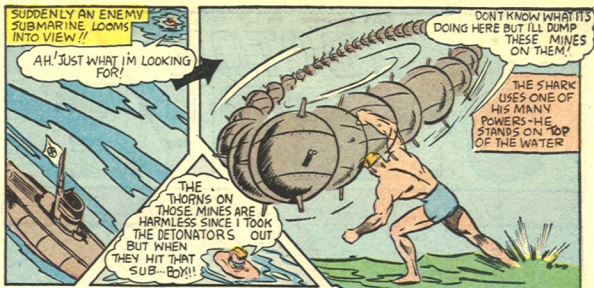
ALLY OOP!!



THAT'S THE
END OF YOU
RAT!







DOCTOR SYNTHE

MASTER OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

by
HARRY
FRANCIS
CAMPBELL

3 SPEEDING THROUGH
INTERSTELLAR SPACE,
A STRANGE SPACE
SHIP ENTERS OUR SOLAR
SYSTEM FROM THE FAR
DISTANT PLANET OF
ANOTHER SUN.
IN THIS DISABLED SHIP
IS THE MAN WHO IS TO
BECOME THAT WORKER
OF WONDERS,
DR. SYNTHE.

INSIDE THE SPACE SHIP...

I'LL HAVE TO LAND THIS, AND WHEN
I DO, I'LL CRASH—



I'LL TRY IT!



AND IT WILL BE **MUCH** MORE FUN
TO BE STRANDED ON A WORLD WITH
PEOPLE ON IT! THAT PLANET AHEAD
HAS WATER AND AIR—



MEANWHILE, ON THE SHORE OF
LONG ISLAND, RAY ROGERS—

WELL, OLD BOAT, I'LL HAVE TO SELL
YOU! IF IT WASN'T BETTY, I'D—
WHAT'S THAT?

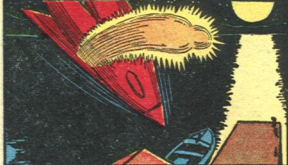


FATE POINTS THE SPACE SHIP'S NOSE TOWARD RAY'S BOAT

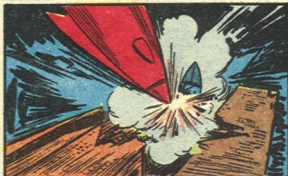


LEGS, DO YOUR STUFF!

A STRANGE SHAPE DETACHES ITSELF FROM THE SPACE SHIP!



AND THE SHIP SHATTERS RAY'S BOAT.



THE BOAT'S GONE! AND SELLING IT WAS MY ONLY CHANCE TO GET THE MONEY TO SAVE BETTY'S LIFE! NOW, WHAT DO I DO?



COULD YOU TELL ME; WHERE AM I?



I FRIGHTENED HIM. MY APPEARANCE IS UNUSUAL!

YEOW!

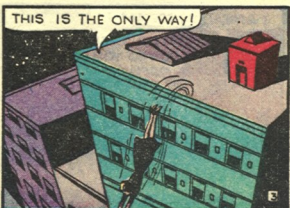
I'LL FIX THAT!

I REPEAT, WHERE AM I?

LONG ISLAND! SAY HOW DO YOU DO THAT FIREWORKS TRICK?



THE STRANGER ASSUMES HUMAN FORM.



BETTY! SHE'S JUMPED! WE CAN'T
GET THERE IN TIME!



NO?

WHEW!



THE THREE SETTLE GENTLY TO THE STREET



5 MINUTES LATER IN BETTY'S
TINY APARTMENT.

SO, IT'S YOUR LUNGS, EH? I CAN FIX
THAT! LOOK IN MY EYES-DEEP-DEEP!



MIRACULOUSLY, RAY FINDS HIMSELF
BESIDE BETTY'S FALLING BODY!

GRAB HER, YOU-
ER- DOPE!



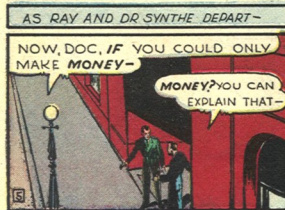
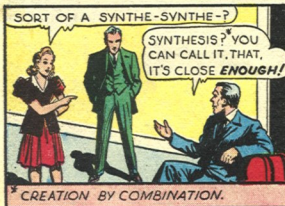
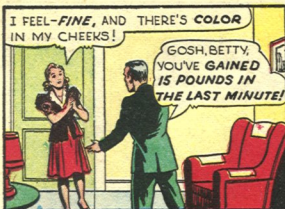
OH, RAY! RAY! IT'S A MIRACLE I DIDN'T
WANT TO DIE! HOW DID YOU DO
IT?

ASK MY NEW
PAL HERE
HE DID IT!



YOUR-LUNGS-ARE-WHOLE.
AGAIN!





THE NEXT MORNING —

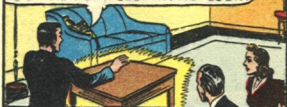
SAY! DID WE DREAM ALL THIS?

WE DID NOT
LOOK AT ME —
WELL AGAIN!



AND, FIVE MINUTES LATER —

AS MONEY IS USED TO BUY
THINGS YOU NEED, BUT AS IT'S
MANUFACTURE IS ILLEGAL, I'LL
DO THE NEXT BEST THING — LOOK!



GOOD MORNING, I BELIEVE IS THE
PROPER GREETING! NOW, ABOUT
THIS MONEY —
YOU WANT

DOC!

DR. SYNTHET!



AND SUDDENLY THE APARTMENT IS
FILLED WITH CLOTHING — JEWELRY —
AND FOOD!



LATER, DRESSED IN THEIR NEW CLOTHES.

I HAVE NOTICED MANY AUTOMOBILES!
THIS ONE IS —



A NEW CAR MATERIALIZES —

— YOURS!

OH, DR. SYNTHET!



BUT, IN ANOTHER APARTMENT, NOSEY
SUSPICIOUS MRS. BEEZER —

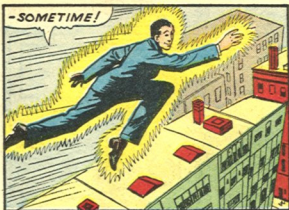
THAT BETTY JORDAN AND
HER FELLOW! WHERE
DID THEY GET
THOSE NEW
CLOTHES?



AND A \$5,000 CAR I ALWAYS THOUGHT
HE WAS A BANK ROBBER!



HELLO!
GIVE ME
THE POLICE!



FIVE MINUTES LATER, BETTY AND RAY ARE IN GRAVE DIFFICULTY.

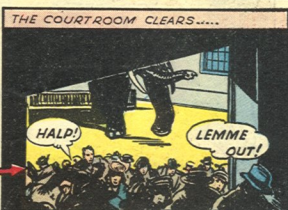


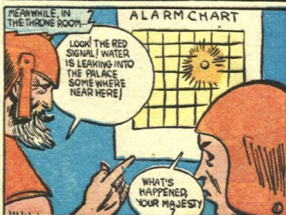
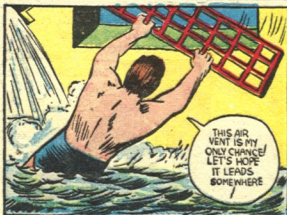
THREE DAYS LATER—

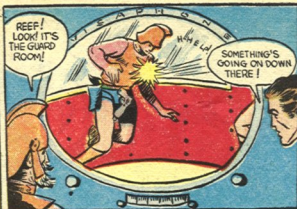


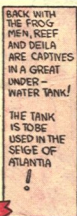
2 WEEKS LATER..... RAY'S TRIAL



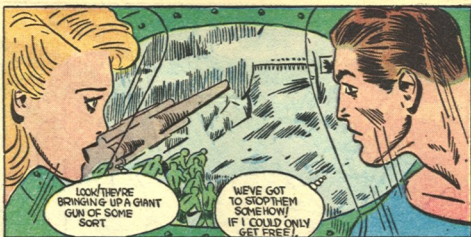


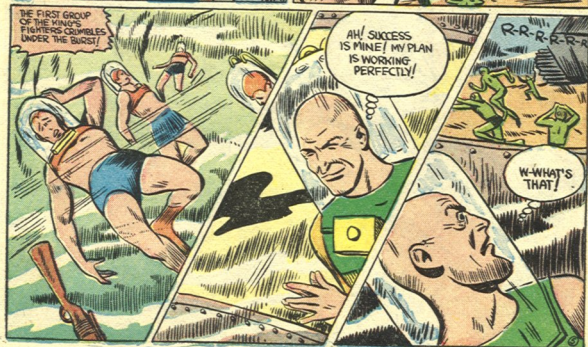
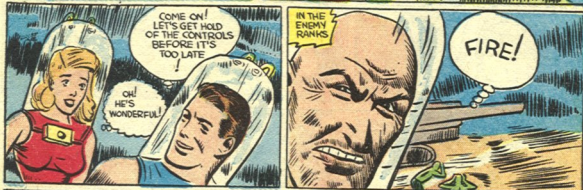
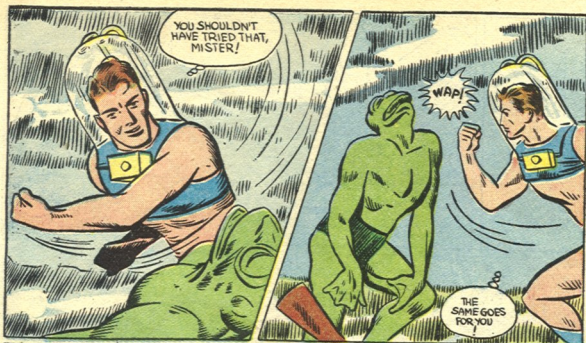


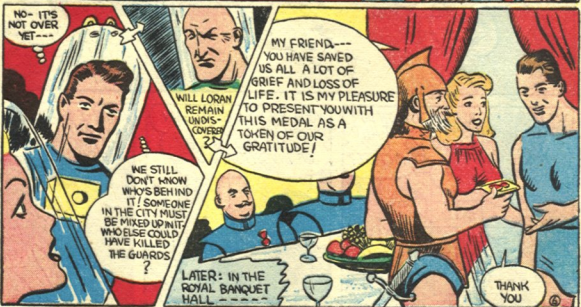
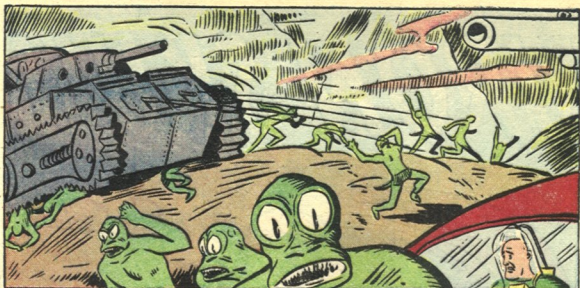




MEANWHILE,
REEF AND
DEILA ARE
STILL BEING
HELD CAPTIVE
BY THE
FROGMEN

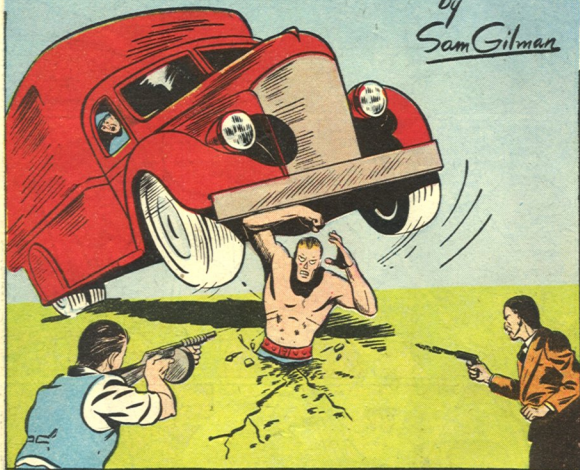






THE IRON SKULL

by
Sam Gilman



WE HAVE GOOD REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THE NUTLEY INSANE ASYLUM IS BEING USED AS A FRONT FOR A DANGEROUS SPY RING!

HOW DO I FIT INTO THE PICTURE?



YOUR JOB WILL BE TO GAIN ADMITTANCE TO THE ASYLUM AND DO A BIT OF INVESTIGATING!



HMMN-I SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTING INTO AN ASYLUM!





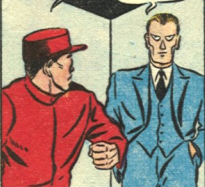
THIS IS OUR GUEST ROOM - THE OTHERS ARE OUT NOW - SO JUST MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME!

OH - JUST ONE THING! I MUST INSIST ON MY DAILY, ANTI-RUST INJECTIONS!



ANTI-...? - OH YES! YES, SIR! - EVERY DAY!!...

THANK YOU! - AND NOW I THINK I'LL JUST STROLL ABOUT A BIT...



HMMN! - THIS LOOKS RATHER INTERESTING!



BEG PARDON, SIR - BUT WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE EXPERIMENTING WITH? -

THIS IS THE THREAD-STRETCHING DEPARTMENT!



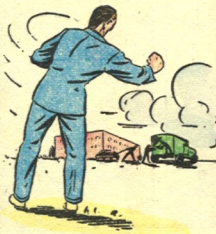
SEE THAT FELLOW OVER THERE... HE'S BEEN EXPERIMENTING FOR YEARS ON A FORMULA THAT WILL PRODUCE CHOCOLATE-COVERED, ROUND SQUARES!



WELL-ER-THANK YOU - I THINK I'LL RUN ALONG NOW AND GO WADING IN SOME BUTTER! HI-HO...DE-DUM?

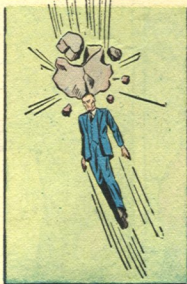


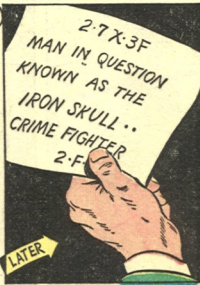
THOSE GUYS ARE FAR FROM BEING CRAZY! - FROM WHAT I CAN GATHER, THEY'RE MAKING SOME KIND OF POISON GAS!



SAY - IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GETTING READY TO MAKE A SHIPMENT! - I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST, NOW!









I LEFT MY FLASHLIGHT
UP ABOVE - I'LL BE
RIGHT BACK

OKEH, I'LL
WAIT

THRU A PRETEXT, THE GUARD LURES
THE SKULL TO THE DUNGEON.....

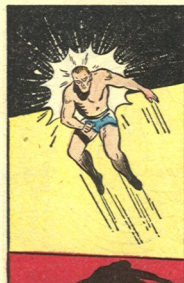


LET 'ER GO!- FILL THE
SHAFT RIGHT UP TO
THE TOP WITH
THE CEMENT!

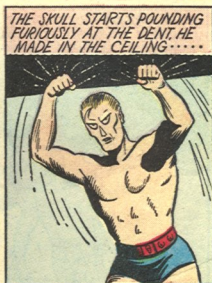
THE MEN ABOVE ARE READY



LOOKS LIKE I'VE BEEN LED
RIGHT INTO A TRAP!- WELL,
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO
HAVE A LITTLE
SKULL-PRACTICE!



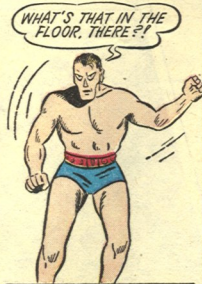
HEY!- THEY'VE PACKED
THE SHAFTWAY SOLID
WITH CEMENT!!



THE SKULL STARTS POUNDING
FURIOUSLY AT THE DENT HE
MADE IN THE CEILING.....



NEVER GET ANYWHERE
THAT WAY!- I'VE GOT
TO GET OUT OF
HERE FAST!

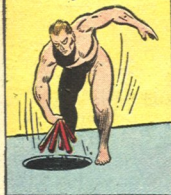


WHAT'S THAT IN THE
FLOOR, THERE?!

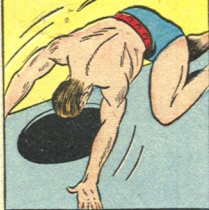


A VENTILATOR
FAN!!!

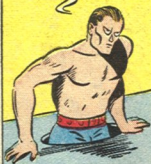
FIRST - I'LL GET RID OF
THESE TOOTH-PICKS!



THEN INSERT MY FEET
IN THE FAN!

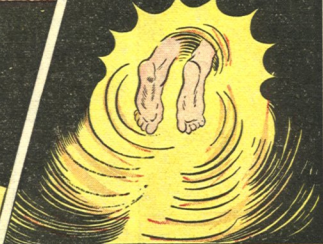
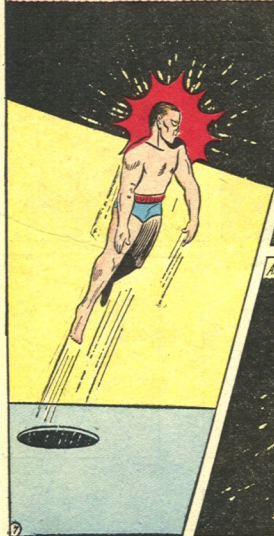


NOW FOR A LITTLE SPIN
UPWARDS!....



SPUN AROUND BY THE FAN, THE SKULL GOES
SPINNING UPWARDS TOWARDS THE CEILING...

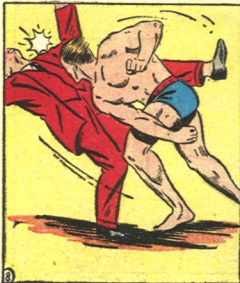
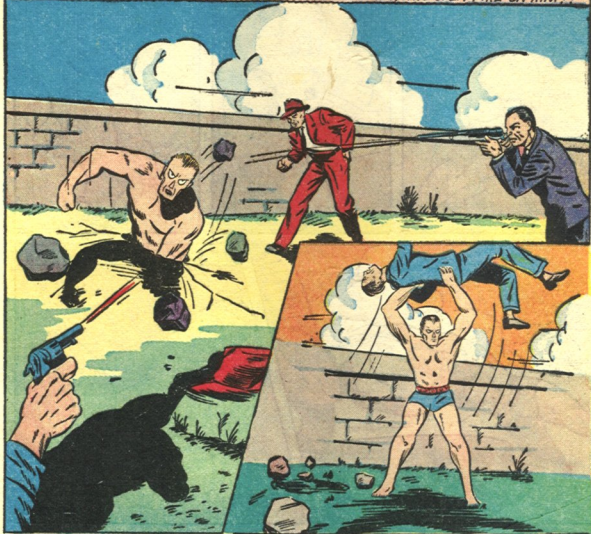
BORING RIGHT THRU WITHOUT STOPPING-



AND CONTINUES HIS DIZZY FLIGHT THRU THE CEMENT-



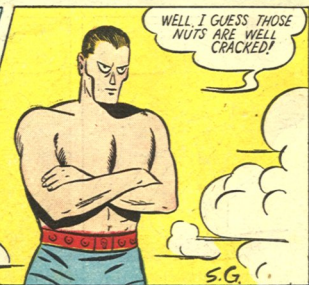
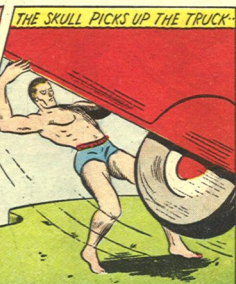
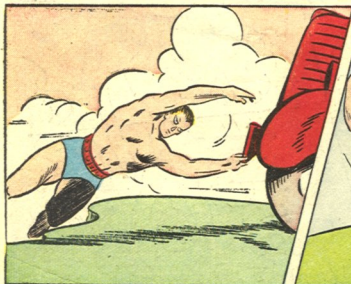
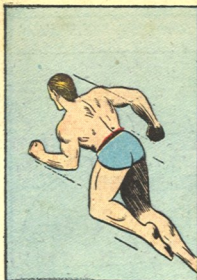
COMING UP THRU THE GROUND, AFTER HIS DIZZY SPIN UPWARDS, THE SKULL IS IMMEDIATELY SURROUNDED BY THE DESPERATE SPIES WHO OPEN FIRE ON HIM !!



I WONDER IF THE TRUCKS HAVE ALREADY GONE?



THE TRUCKS ARE GONE!... I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT SHIPMENT OF POISON GAS!



WIN 2 FREE TRIPS

ONE OF THESE

STRAIGHT SHOOTIN'—AND THINKIN' WINS A TRIP TO MY RANCHO

WE HOPE YOU WINNIN' PRIZE!

RED RYDER'S

ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO

210 PRIZES GIVEN!

1st & 2nd PRIZE A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPENSES-PAID Trip to Red Ryder Ranch!

These 2 happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 16, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pikes Peak, Garden of the Gods. Then cowboy life on the Ranch—a mountain pack-trip—visit to Cliff Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc. SEE Fred Harman actually DRA W his famous Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in his mountain studio! What a trip!—What a contest!! Enter!

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Win one of these 100 DAISSY Targeter Pistols—5000 in all! "Targeter" Pistols, 25 Target Cards, 1000 "Targeter" Targets, 25 Target Cards, 1000 "Targeter" Targets. VALUE each... \$2.00



GUN BRACKETS

Win a pair of air rifle wall brackets, wonderful gifts of Red Ryder's famous horse \$1.00 each



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FLASH! 1st and 2nd Prize Winners get a PAIR OF HANDMADE COWBOY CHAPS from Fred Harman, Cartoonist, as his PERSONAL GIFT!



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Shoot a GOLDEN BANNED 1000 SHOT



RED RYDER Saddle CARBINE

Licensed by Stephen Spivey, Inc., New York.

Enter Daisy's BIG SHOOTIN' CONTEST

Now!

Pump Repeater, 50-Shot, \$4.50

Other Daisys not illustrated: Buck Jones Special, 40-shot outdoor model, \$1.50

Nickel 500-shot Repeater, \$1.35—Single Shots at \$1 and \$1.35.

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—BEST FOR TARGET SHOOTING IN DAISYS, KINGS

CONTEST RULES

- Each contestant must shoot on official Target and receive 100 shots in 20 words or less. Insurance must be written in space provided on Official Target.
- Contest starts May 1, ends July 25. All Targets and completed "DAISY BULLS EYE" must be received at Daisy Manufacturing Company, Plymouth, Michigan by midnight, July 25, 1941.
- Any air rifle using BB type shot may be used.
- Contestants may be of any age up to and including 18 years, at start of Contest, May 1, 1941, and must be residents of the Continental United States.
- Official Targets only may be used and must be properly filled in and signed by an adult witness before being mailed to Daisy. Target will be furnished free of charge. "Daisy Bulls Eye" must be filled in for Free Official Target, enclosed in stamp to insure the missing handling cost of sending Official Target to us.
- Contestants must submit only one Official Bull's Eye card, which is sent each day, twice a week. Each Target must receive a total of 25 shots. If more than 25 shots appear on one Target, the extra shots will not count for score. These 25 shots must be shot

- consecutively, one after the other, in 20 minutes.
- standing position without artificial support must be used.
- Target must be 20 feet away from air rifle muzzle when shooting your Official Shots.
- PRIZES will be awarded on the combined basis of Target score plus number of Shots on bull's eye the SIXTH SHOT "1" like to shoot a Daisy because... in 20 words or less.
- Declaration of the Judges will be final. Duplicate Entries awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contests and ideas therein become the property of Daisy Manufacturing Company. Get Official Target of contest rules.
- ENTER DAISY'S "Bull's Eye" SHOOTIN' CONTEST. The opportunity to WIN one of these 210 BIG PRIZES is yours! WIN the Official Contest PERSONAL GIFT of Hand Made Chaps—one of 5 new portable RECORDIO JR. Home Recorder Radio-Phonograph Wonder Machines each worth \$39.95 or one of 100 Complete Daisy Targeter Pistol Pairs, one of 100 pairs of Hand-Made Gun Brackets! Think of the FUN you'll have shooting your Official TARGET!—it's so friendly that you great DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST! If you haven't your air rifle

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET—ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS

or Write Us!

Do this today—your Official Contest Target contains all Rules, Instructions, and is also your Entry Blank. Go after one of these 210 BIG PRIZES! Hurry! Hurry!



DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 987 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

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\$6.45 WORTH
for only **\$2.95**

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SPENCER'S 1941 YOUNG AMERICAN ASSORTMENT

100 2" Cannon Salutes	\$1.00	5 No-see Boy Salutes	.10
200 Flashlight Crackers	.50	10 Lg. Pkg. Asst. Crackers	.75
25 Flash Salutes	.25	1 Reporting Cone	.10
10 Elec. Cannon Salutes	.20	5 Marble Flash Salutes	.10
2 Sky Bombs (two shot)	.10	2 Red Torch	.10
5 Roman Candles (10 half)	.50	1 Sky Battle	.10
5 Sky Rockets (stars)	.50	1 Pkg. Lady Crackers	.15
10 Niggercrackers	.10	1 Erupting Volcano	.10
10 Grasshoppers	.10	8 Buster Salutes	.05
10 Penny Flash Salutes	.10	1 Whistling Cyclone	.10
5 Glittercracks	.10	3 Giant Liberty Salutes	.10
10 Bombshell Salutes	.25	1 Ex. Lg. Whistling Hand Grenade	.15
1 Whistling Tracer Bomb	.15	2 Gyro Flyers	.10
16 Sparklers	.10	1 Pkg. Jumbo Crackers	.15
1 No. 1 Aerial Bomb	.10	1 Pkg. Punk	.05
1 Reporting Sky Rocket	.10	Total Retail Value	\$6.45

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